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MANITA

1926

The MANZANITA

YEAR BOOK

of

WATSONVILLE UNION HIGH SCHOOL

June, 1926

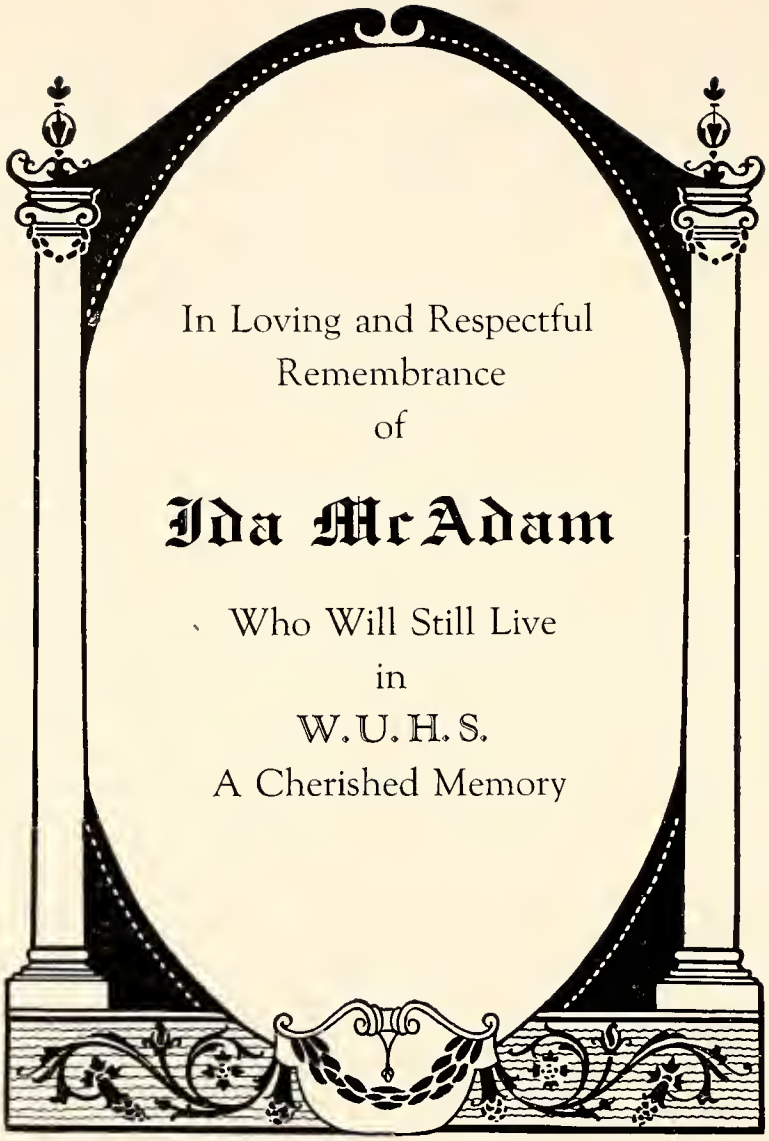
Published by

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

OF

WATSONVILLE UNION HIGH SCHOOL

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA



In Loving and Respectful
Remembrance
of

Ida McAdam

Who Will Still Live
in
W. U. H. S.
A Cherished Memory

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Dedication

Mr. L. M. Briggs

To our Athletic Instructor, in appreciation of his services to the Watsonville Union High School

The Principal

Mr. T. S. MacQuiddy

PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL
DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES
SECRETARY OF THE COAST SECTION OF THE
STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

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Oda Redman, A. B., Stanford University — Girls' Advisor : French
Jeanie Aitken, M. A., University of Edinburgh, Scotland — Head of English Department
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Ruth Benham, A. B., Baker University, Kansas — English
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Enriqueta Palmer, Chico State Teachers' College — Stenography : Typing : Comm. Law
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O. Thorstenson, B. S., University of California — Horticulture : Shop
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L. M. Briggs, B. S., Oregon Agriculture College — Physical Education
Edna M. Quay, A. B., University of California — Physical Education
Fay A. Briggs, B. S., Oregon Agriculture College — Substitute in Physical Education
E. Duane Smith, Ph.B., University of Wisconsin — Part Time
John Otto Fritz — Wind Instruments : Drums
Mrs. A. B. Handshy — Study Hall
Alice J. Liles, R. N., Presbyterian Training School for Nurses — School Nurse

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Jokes	John Manis
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Editorial

ANOTHER school year has passed and fifty-eight seniors are graduating. Seniors on leaving high school are prompted to look back upon their short four years' course and to ask themselves in turn, "Did I get the utmost out of my high school education?" Countless are the opportunities they have let slip, opportunities to have developed a sound mind and body, opportunities to have made more scholarly achievements, and opportunities to have cultivated a love for beauty and truth.

The lower class men should learn from the short-comings of the Seniors and should endeavor from the first to make the most of their many present opportunities. It is Shakespeare who has said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." This saying is as true as it is familiar. Many are the opportunities that present themselves each day. The lower class men should grasp such opportunities and, if necessary, make others.

Opportunities to develop a sound mind and body are presented by athletic activities, from which students participating may not only derive the joy of contest, but from which they may also develop physical as well as mental strength and good sportsmanship.

In their choice of a suitable course, students may grasp the opportunities offered them. Besides fulfilling the subject requirements, a course should necessitate hard work and concentration on the part of the students. It should be of interest to the students, and should develop in them higher ideals of scholarship and of conduct. The aim of every one should be to become a member of the Scholarship Society, a society which has been recently formed for the purpose of raising the scholastic standing of the school. Students should realize, however, that mere intellectual capacity will not really insure success which is in reality conditioned by other factors. Many who are endowed with the highest grade of intelligence are failing in high school through lack of study and application. Other mental characteristics such as effort, persistence, and attitude toward fellow students and teachers, play an important role in achieving scholarly success.

Students should take advantage of the opportunities which the school affords to cultivate better taste for music, poetry, and art, since these alone can guide youth to appreciate the beautiful and to do the right. The appreciation of beauty in its true form should constitute the highest aim of the high school student, for

"Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty.
That is all Ye know on Earth,
And all Ye need to know."

Appreciation

The Manzanita Staff take this opportunity of thanking the merchants and business men of Watsonville for their hearty co-operation in helping to make the 1926 annual a self-supporting publication. They are further indebted to the advertising committee; Miss Flaugher and her typing classes; Miss Waite and her art students; the many students who contributed material for the various departments; and the Faculty Advisor, Miss Aitken. May the Manzanita continue to be a publication worthy of the willing support of school and community alike!

SENIORS

Reimers Koepke

Helen Nielsen

Eldon Covell

Alida Nielsen

Stanley King

Frances Ferguson

Milton Burdick

Lenona Davis

Rolland Richardson

Olive Schanbacher

Ernest Scrivani

Carrie Mork

Edward Ashcraft

Iris Beilby

Albert Coelho

Edna Hill

John Manis

Mildred Marsh

Floyd Silliman

Alta Holm

Harold Harker

Emma Crenshaw

Melvin Fay

Grace Story

Arthur Keefe

Alta Bachar

Whipple Gregerson

Glendawyn Cox

Ira Lindgren

Rose Lundquist

Francis Silliman

Onalee Faucett

Alden Cox

Beth Ford

Peter Knego

Rose Moran

Elwyn Lundy

Mildred Kirkman

Eldon Brewster

Edith James

Nelson Giberson

Catherine West

Griffith Kirby

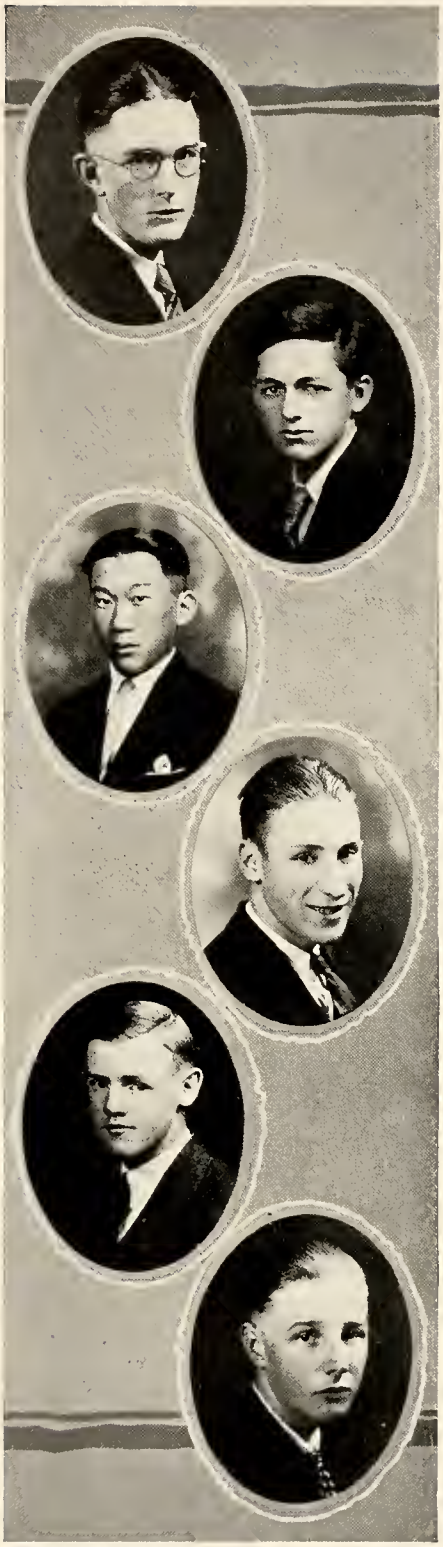
Eileen Sutherland

George Brewington

Evelyn Twyman

Kenneth Hardy

Evelyn Biddle



Carlton Love

Clyde Gregory

Harry Shirachi

Leyland Brooks

Harry Harrison

Paul Lindgren

Charles Spencer

Vera Craemer

CLASS COLORS: *Red and White*

CLASS FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose*

CLASS MOTTO: *"We are at the foothills;*
Mountains are before us."

The Senior Will

WE, THE class of 1926, being in a rational state of mind, on this twelfth day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-six, do hereby will and bequeath:

To Mr. MacQuiddy our undying gratitude;

To Miss Paulding, our class teacher, our loving memories;

To the Junior Class our little corner in the "new gym," hoping they will not find it as mythical as we did;

To the Sophomores the right not to abuse the student body office.

To the Freshmen our intellect, reminding them that "all for one and one for all" is a good motto to adopt early in their high school career.

Individually we ask that after our departure to the great beyond of clean highways and real gymnasiums the following requests be carried out:

I, Mildred Marsh, do will my platonic interest in Mel Forester to Ila Kelly.

I, Alida Nielsen, do will my uniform which I dearly love, to Lois MacQuiddy. Be good to it, Lois. It may last a long time.

I, Mildred Kirkman, will my argumentative gift to Arthur Rodgers.

I, Glendawyn Cox, will my ability to walk home from boat rides to Velma Phenice.

I, Rose Moran, do will my boisterous manners to my Junior sister, Bernadine, so that they will remain in the family.

I, Helen Nielsen, do will my place in the Scholarship Society to Ernest Arias, as I realize it's the only way he will get there.

I, Vera Craemer, do will my speaking voice to the Oral English department so that it may be used over again.

I, Lenona Davis, will my strong, determined features to "Bob" Baker.

I, Edna Hill, do will my naughty ways to "Artie" Hyde. They might help him to "get by" with the "wimmens."

I, Evelyn Biddle, do will my homestead, next door to the Gregerson farm, to Floyd Silliman.

I, Beth Ford, will my line of aimless chatter to Ruth Wilson, because, like Tennyson's Brook, it should go on forever.

I, Rose Lundquist, do will my ability to do Physics experiments to Mr. Handshy, trusting him to dispense them justly to the needy.

I, Alta Holm, do will my Chevrolet roadster to the Briggs family—Marian Fay should be a fresh air baby.

I, Ira Lindgren, will my negative vote in the assembly to whoever will stand up and say so.

I, Charles Spencer, will my Chevrolet to the Girls' Friendly Society. Early morning rides after the games are hard on me.

I, Whipple Gregerson, will my sideburns to George Leland.

I, Nelson Giberson, will my interest in the Moss Landing Whaling Station to the Colgate Perfumery.

I, Kenneth Hardy, will my position as Basket Ball Captain to George Kennedy.

I, Harold Harker, will my marcel to the missing link.

I, Harry Harrison, will my "Janitor" job to Stephen Scurich. He will have money handy for gasoline.

I, Griffith Kirby, will my nickname, "Money Bags," to somebody else who wants to make a living.

I, Peter Knego, leave my extreme height to Jackie England. We two together will make a good-sized man, Jackie!

I, Paul Lindgren, will my interest in "wimmens" to Garry Bowen.

I, Reimers Koepke, will my Capitola cottage to the Oral English dep't.

I, Elwyn Lundy, will my yell-leading ability to Clinton Zobel. It's not good, but it's snappy.

I, Carlton Love, will my love-making way to Miss Ward for future operettas.

I, John Manis, will my pugilistic record to the M. E. Sunday School.

I, Rolland Richardson, will my ability to paddle my own canoe to Artie Hyde.

I, Harry Shirachi, will my basketball ability to Henry Henricksen.

I, Francis Silliman, will my complexion to the Palmolive Soap Co. for their ads, "Keep that schoolgirl complexion."

I, Floyd Silliman, will my resemblance to my twin brother, Francis, to Bonita Raymond.

I, Leland Brooks, will my knickers to the boys. They, too, should have a nice uniform.

I, Arthur Keefe, will my excellent report cards to the reference library.

I, Edith James, do will my coquettish ways to Mary Machado.

I, Emma Crenshaw, do will my boyish bob to Miss Paulding.

I, Carrie Mork, will my blonde locks to "Slip" Bohnett, reminding him that all "blondes" are not dizzy.

I, Iris Beilby, will "our" interest in the Star Cash Grocery to Paul Obyen—"kinda" like the name "Paul."

I, Alta Bachar, will my camera to Lowell Cox.

I, Eileen Sutherland, do will my French "vocabulary" to Bud Silvey. He needs it.

I, Onalee Faucett, will my desire to be a dramatist to Ming Toy.

I, Grace Story, will my interest in Salinas to anyone who will take the responsibility.

I, Evelyn Twyman, do will my charm acquired in the Charm School to Velma Wimmer.

I, Catherine West, will my baby-like voice, childish manners, and daintiness to Jerry Driscoll. He's too much of a "He-Man."

I, Frances Ferguson, will my ability to "get by" in Physics to Beth Ford. I'm afraid she will have to take it over again.

I, Olive Schanbacher, will my car to the school, so that it may still lead the rally parades.

I, Clyde Gregory, will my interest in women to Justin Handlos.

I, Edward Ashcraft, do will my good marks to whoever needs them.

I, George Brewington, do will my patience in trying to get an "education" to "Artie" Keefe. It's an educated man who counts!

I, Eldon Brewster, will my cornet to the High School Orchestra.

I, Stanley King, will my last edition of the "Whiz Bang" to Maxine McKibben. It's good literature, Max!

I, Milton Burdick, will my interest in a certain Sophomore Girl to Robert Pinnegar. Take good care of her until "We Meet Again."

I, Albert Coehlo, will my dreamy brown eyes to the statue in the study hall. Don't be distracted, girls, as the statue isn't real.

I, Alden Cox, will my famous smile to the whole Freshman class.

I, Eldon Covell, will my latest record, "Why the Fairies Came to Ireland," a gem from the "Wishing Well," to Maurine Obermeyer.

I, Melvin Fay, will "my" passionate purple track suit to Kenneth Blohm. Blondes look well in purple.

I, Robert Redman, will my lovely form to Maurine Obermeyer.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

	Lucille Strazich	*Katherine Souza*	
George Hopkins	*Bonita Raymond*	*Dorita Raymond*	*Jim Nielsen*
Josephine Pacioretti	*Margaret Hamilton*	*Ann Jasoni*	*Lucille Gluhan*
Harry Ogi	*Pauline Novacovich*	*Anne Robrecht*	*Vernal Whitton*
Estelle Zar	*Yoshie Yamamoto*	*Cecelia Nunes*	*Pauline Alvein*
Stephen Pekoch	*Greta McDonald*	*Caroline Smith*	*Carl Borba*
Thomas Lister	*Corinne Beck*	*Roy Dorcich*	

CLASSICS

JUNIOR CLASS

President ..... Arthur Hyde
Vice President ..... Lowell Cox
Secretary ..... Mildred Webb
Treasurer ..... Kenneth Marcum
Reporter ..... Ruth Wilson
Boys' Athletic Mgr. ..... Joe Crosetti
Boys' Yell Leader ..... Carl Silvey

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President	Stephen Wyckoff		
Vice President	Eugene Gregerson	Girls' Athletic Mgr.	Thelma Turney
Secretary	Ruby Beilby	Boys' Athletic Mgr.	Ned Strong
Treasurer	Thomas Ready	Girls' Yell Leader	Edith Gianotti
Reporter	Mel Forester	Boys' Yell Leader	Gerald Silvey

FRESHMAN CLASS

President	Merle Russill
Vice President	Louise Hudson
Secretary	Miriam Twyman
Treasurer	Everett Luther
Girls' Athletic Mgr.	Mary Ben Simpson
Boys' Athletic Mgr.	Walter Pellisier
Girls' Yell Leader	Dorothy Fillius
Boys' Yell Leader	Donald Krough
Class Reporter	George Leland

LITERARY

"Fate"

"IULA, daughter of Omm, high priestess of the Isle of Sumba, give to thee as a token of my undying affection this flower."

The speaker was a woman. Tall and straight she stood under the canopy of a large palm. The beams of a tropical moon sifted through the branches of the tree and touched her unbound hair which fell in loose wavelets to her waist, until it seemed as though her face were surrounded with a mass of living gold. From her shoulders fell a simple white gown, that reached almost to her feet, which were shod in plain white sandals. Catching the garment on either shoulder were two large golden clasps set with immense blood-red stones. On her ankles and arms she wore circlets of beaten silver. Her tapering white fingers were heavy with precious metals and gems carved in queer figures and shapes. In one slender outstretched hand she held a single flower of four heart-shaped petals, crimson-red and of an exotic brilliance. Her voice was low and sweet, like the murmur of waters, or the tinkle of temple bells.

Standing in front of her, his back against the bole of the tree, was a man. He was almost a head taller than the girl. From a broad forehead his hair swept back in crisp brown waves; only at the temples were tiny touches of grey. He was clad in tan riding breeches, leather boots, and a thin silk shirt. His clean-shaven skin was tanned. Around his eyes were tiny wrinkles which exposure to wind and storm had left there. His eyes were bent upon the woman with an expression akin to worship; yet in their steady greyness lingered an emotion of infinite sorrow and sadness. Slowly and in silence he clasped the small white hand in his large brown one. They stood thus for a moment; then, with a sigh that was nearly a sob she turned and fled like a pale wraith down the silvery beach. The man stood staring after her as though he saw in her going the fall of some inevitable tragedy upon the happiness of his life. Tragedy it was, which had changed Kay Thornston from a happy-go-lucky adventurer into a man who knew to the last bitter dregs the sorrow held in the cup of life.

Twenty days before, Kay had come to the island in a swift slender yacht, sailed by men who knew the sea as the wild beasts know their native haunts. In this ship Kay had sailed the earth around, met many queer situations and ridden anchor in many strange parts. At last he had come to this island of the South Seas, a paradise on earth. It was covered with a heavy tropical growth, which was brilliant green, and bright with plumage of gaudy birds and the bloom of flowers. There was one village of natives who inhabited the island. In coloring these people were very different from any natives Kay had ever before seen. They were blond, with blue eyes and fair complexions. Some scientists, who at one time had visited the island, had it that years before a lovely ship had dashed upon the island in a great storm, and cast upon it a cargo of pilgrims who were seeking homes in those new lands, the Americas. In the simple tenets of their religion, their belief in a single God, and their laws and customs, Kay found much to remind him of the simple faith of the first white men who came to the new world.

From the first day on the island Kay had been charmed by the bewitching beauty of everything about him. The natives had been friendly and hospitable from the beginning.

The second night about twelve o'clock Kay had strolled down the beach for a last breath of air, before retiring. The glory of an island night had always thrilled him with a queer sensation of delight; that night it seemed as if the whole enchanting setting had been placed for some scene of revelry or splendor. He half expected the fairies of his childhood to run out and dance upon the glistening sands. Instead, a white goddess had come tripping toward him. That goddess had been Ula. She had just come from lighting the altar fires, which burned each night before the altar of the deity that the island people worshiped. As a child she had been educated far beyond the average island women. She knew that there was a great world beyond her small island home, and in her heart there had grown a great longing to know something of those other people and customs so different from her own. With the intent of some day questioning the big stranger who had come to live for a time with her people, she spoke to him. He smiled and answered her in her native tongue, giving the greeting he knew to be customary: then she had passed him swiftly and entered a large hut nearby. That night it seemed to Kay that something new and wonderful had come into his life; the stars seemed brighter and the air more sweet.

The next day a messenger had brought him an invitation from Omm, the high priest, to visit him in his hut. Kay went, and was surprised at the beauty and taste with which it was adorned. Woven silks hung from the walls. Fantastically carved tables of rich woods inlaid with ivory and silver, were laden with dainties and sweets, the like of which Kay had never seen before. Omm and Ula received him graciously. They were seated in state. Behind them stood the men in uniform costumes of silk, ready to do their slightest bidding. Around them were seated the lesser priests and officials of the tribe. It was not difficult to see that Omm was the ruler of this kingdom of the South Seas. When Kay left, an hour later, he extended to the priest and his daughter a hearty invitation to visit him; the invitation was accepted the next day.

In the days that followed Ula and Kay talked with each other many times. He answered her every question of the world in which he lived. To her, some of his customs seemed queer and foolish: in her simple mind there was no place for the veneer and sham which appeared to her to constitute a great part of the lives of her more civilized sisters. In turn she disclosed to him secrets of the lives of her people. The beauty of the place grew more exquisite as he saw it through the eyes of one who was an integral part of it: as much a part of it she was as the flowers which sprang from its earth, or the palms whose fronds kissed the blue waters which laved their feet.

Slowly there grew in Kay a great love for this entrancing island girl. He tried to stifle it, but to stop the rains in their descent from heaven would have been easier, and in the depths of her eyes and the melody of her voice he saw that his love was reciprocated.

To Kay this love was a great shame. He could not marry an island girl; he could not take to wife a native. Never! Kay loved Ula, but he "loved honor more." It would be better for a Thornston to turn traitor to his country than to dishonor his family, a family which could trace its blood back to the time of the crusades. Many a night he had writhed in the mental agony of the combat which was going on within him. Each time it seemed as if he must yield to his longing for the girl, but each time his better nature had conquered, and only the tired look in his eyes and the thin stern line of his lips showed how much he had suffered.

With Ula there was no less of conflict. She was the petted idol of her people, the ruling priestess of their religion. To marry any man was forbidden her: to marry this stranger of another land was death! Ula knew

this. Always between the two there had been complete understanding. Finally they decided that the only alternative was for Kay to leave the island. They alone knew how much this decision would cost them, the heartaches, and dreariness of a future in which they were pledged never again to meet.

They had planned one last tryst before the day on which Kay was to leave the island for ever. They had talked together this night for the last time. The great moon had looked down upon them in silent benediction, and the whole wild life of the island seemed to be hushed in the solemness of this parting.

She was gone! These words kept ringing through Kay's brain like the tolling of a deathknell. He gazed after the running figure as long as he could see it; then slowly his eyes swept to the ground until they fell on a single red blossom lying at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, and turning, he walked with slow tread to his cabin, where he sat the long night, staring with unseeing eyes into the darkness, a tiny flower pressed close in his hand.

The next day Kay bade farewell to everything he had grown to love and enjoy during his sojourn on the island. The day was unusually hot. The blueness of the sky was overcast with a dull copperish glare. The breeze was as though it had come from off some giant furnace. Leaving the village behind, he entered the jungle. A narrow twisting path led him to a smooth clearing in the luxuriant growth about him. He thought of the many times Ula and he had followed this same path, and wished himself dead.

All at once his eyes were transfixed with horror. Before him in a coiling mass, ready to spring, lay a snake. Its fangs were widespread, and a hissing tongue darted from its mouth. Suddenly a slender white form flashed before him. The snake sprang! But, instead of burying its poison in him, its curved fangs had sunken deep into the white arm of Ula, who had seen Kay, devined his destination, and followed him to give up her life that he might live.

That night Kay stood beside Ula, as she lay upon a coffin of carved teak-wood and gold. She had been placed there by her people, who after her death yet paid their homage. Her father, Omm, on hearing of her death, had crumpled like a withered leaf. Three hours later he had regained consciousness, and since had remained calm as a carven image. All was silent. Only the eternal lapping of the waves broke the stillness of the night. With a sob that fled across the gleaming sands like the cry of a lost soul, Kay fell to his knees beside her as she lay white and still in the moonlight.

He could endure it no longer. He ran from the hut down to the beach, as though he could escape his thoughts in that way. All night he kept on. When morning came he was standing on a huge cliff. Straight and towering it rose from the deep, dark waters below. In the east, a great round ball of living fire was rising. It came with a crash of flaming orange and livid streaks of burning red and yellow, a sunrise of the South Seas.

Kay's eyes were upon it. It seemed to fascinate and hold him. He held out his arms and walked toward it. His steps were firm and true; his glance did not falter. When he came to the edge of the cliff his eyes did not move, and as he fell his arms were still raised to the glory before him. It seemed that the very waters opened gently to embrace him, closed placidly, and became calm again; yet, who knows whether in his death there were not before him slender white hands and great dark eyes beckoning him to an eternal peace and happiness?

—EVELYN BIDDLE.

No Fooling

IT WAS a clear, sunny day in August, the day of the championship fight baseball game between the Oklahoma Wildcats and Tuscon Tigers. F. W. Tompson, baseball enthusiast and owner of the prosperous Tompson Farm Machinery factories, sat in his sunny breakfast room placidly munching his shredded-wheat.

"Nice day for the game," he remarked to his wife, who sat across the table; "I wouldn't miss it for a thousand."

About ten o'clock, Timmie Hogan, Tompson's diminutive office boy and more of a baseball "fan" than Tompson, advanced haltingly to his employer's desk and asked, "Mr. Tompson, may I have the afternoon off? My grandmother died and I want to go to her funeral."

At this time-worn alibi, F. W. started. With the same shrewdness that had put the F. W. T. tractor at the top of the market, he replied, "Sure, Timmie. What's more, I'll go with you." He thought he would kill two birds with one stone—catch Timmie shirking and see the game, too.

At two o'clock, half an hour before the game was called, Timmie met his boss. Tompson smiled to himself as, they headed for the ball grounds. His surmise appeared to be correct.

To his surprise, and somewhat to his horror, Timmie soon led him down a side street at right angles to the course to the baseball grounds. Soon they entered a shabby, grey cottage, the door of which was decorated with a crepe bow.

There, in the same room with the deceased, stuffy and permeated with that waxy, sickening sweetness of flowers and perfume that always accompanies a funeral, Tompson sat sweating profusely, listening to a dry sermon delivered in a sonorous monotone by a withered, old preacher. His agony was made complete by the distant sounds of shouting from the ball-grounds, some three blocks distant.

That evening, as he entered his bungalow, his wife asked, "Well, how was the game?"

"Great!" was his sarcastic reply as he stalked out of the room. For the rest of the evening he was silent.

—ARTHUR RODGERS.

Rain

I love to hear the raindrops tap
On the silvery window-pane,
And watch them, like a mist, obscure
The nearby willow-lane.

They fall like showers of tinkling glass,
With a sweet harmonious sound;
And everywhere I look, the rain,
Like God, is all around.

—DORIS WILSON, '28.

The Persian Cat

"OH, THOMAS, it's dead!" was the wail that reached the ears of Mr. Thomas Mason as he turned the key in the lock of his apartment after a busy day at his San Francisco office. The sight which greeted him upon reaching the living room was even less assuring of domestic tranquility. Huddled in a chair in the corner of the room was his wife, Myra, sobbing bitterly, while at her feet lay the form of a beautiful Persian cat. At the sight of her husband the distressed wife ceased her sobbing only to break forth anew with, "And, Thomas, how can we ever tell her? She loved it so!" Then as if seized by some new fear, she sat upright and faced her bewildered husband. "She may think we deliberately poisoned the thing. Think of the terrible remark you made at the Bruces' dinner last night about wishing Miss Peck would stay at home and mind her cats and not leave them around with the neighbors while she ran off to China. Dora Bruce will be sure to tell her just what you said!"

"Bosh, who cares for Dora Bruce, or Miss Peck either, for that matter? The cat did us a kind deed by dying naturally of its own accord. We'll get Miss Peck a new one when she returns, and as for the Bruces, they'll never know what happened to it. I'll be going across the bay tomorrow on business; so I'll just take it along and leave it somewhere. That's easy." And Mr. Mason proceeded to forget about the troublesome animal in his perusal of the evening paper.

The passengers of the nine-o'clock ferry, the following morning, included a well-dressed, professional-appearing man, who differed only slightly from those around him except for a bulky, but neatly wrapped package which he placed beside him on the seat. A few minutes after the ship had left the dock the man picked up his package, bought a cigar at the tobacco stand, and walked off.

"Hey, there, you've left your package!" shouted the man behind the counter, and the recent purchaser of the cigar heaved a sigh as he recovered his box and strode to the other end of the boat. Balancing the box on the railing as if calculating the distance to the water, the man evidently abandoned the idea of heaving his bundle overboard when he noticed the glances of suspicion directed at him by the boat hands.

"I'll surely be able to leave this confounded thing on the train," murmured Mr. Thomas Mason to himself, but upon his arrival at his business engagement his associate, Smithson, remarked, "Hello, Mason, what have you there?" To Mason's confused mumur of "Wife—antique—", he went on, "We'll have a hard time with that guy, Blake; I've arranged a lunch with him; so we'll settle the deal then, if possible. It's about time we're off now, I guess. All set? But, Tom, you're forgetting your wife's antiques, eh?"

The five-o'clock boat carried a very tired and disgusted passenger who carried his comparatively small package as if it contained a leaden article. "By Jove, here's somebody that's had better luck than I," he grumbled, as he set his own package down by a box similar to his in size and shape. When the time arrived to leave the boat he was not surprised to be summoned by a thoughtful passenger to reclaim his box. He was surprised, however, to find only one box instead of the two that he had left a few moments before.

Mr. Thomas Mason heaved a sigh of relief, when on his return home he found his wife absent. "I'll not let her know what a fool I've been," he muttered, as he opened the package. "No matter what is the risk, I'll make the janitor put this plagued cat in the furnace." But what he saw caused the determined man to stop short, for instead of the body of the cat there fell upon the floor an evidently genuine lady's sable wrap.

In spite of the joyful acceptance of such an outcome by his delighted wife, Mr. Mason hurried through his breakfast in order to scan the want-ad column of the morning paper for an advertisement of the lost article. Instead, his eye was arrested by the following startling account which appeared on the front page: "A notorious and long-sought fur smuggler and his accomplice were arrested last evening as they attempted to leave the five-o'clock ferry boat. A handsome sable wrap was found in the possession of one of them. The two had been working together for some time. The habit of one was to carry a package of real furs while the other carried a similar package of imitation furs. In case of suspicion an exchange was made, giving the suspected member the possession of the imitations. The authorities were amused, and the prisoners were evidently surprised to find in the box which usually contained the imitation furs, the body of a handsome Persian cat."

The Voice of Nature

I love to hear the ocean roar,
And bellow and pound and heave.
As I sit before the fire-place,
On a stormy winter's eve.

I love to hear the whistling wind,
A-howling with all its might,
As I dream before the fire-place,
On a bleak December night.

I love to hear the tree-tops wail,
And bowing beneath the breeze;
As I sit before the fire-place,
On these stormy winter eves.

* * * * *

For each is a voice of nature,
Speaking to me as a friend,
And whether 'tis wind or raindrops,
I shall love it unto the end.

—ALBERT COELHO, '26.

The Approach of Night

The Sun-God paints his canvas,
Far West he bids it lie,
It glows like a monstrous candle,
Aflame in the evening sky.

The trees are outlined darkly
Against that wall of light:
A beautiful picture heralds
The rapid approach of night.

The peaceful lake is shining:
'Twill fade to shadows soon:
And then its soft ripples be gleaming,
As rises the bright, full moon.

—GENEVIEVE MILLER, '29.

The Best Place

I like to go to places,
Beneath the sunlit dome.
My presence often graces
The mountains where I roam.

I visit plains and valleys,
The desert and the sea,
The city with its alleys—
All have a charm for me.

But where do I like best to go?
When all is done and said,
It's home, when I'm away, you know;
And next, it's just to bed.

—HATTIE DONG, '27.

CLUBS

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

Edward Ashcraft, Dale Hockabout, Helen Walker, Maurine Obermeyer, Estelle Walker, Doris Eustis, Lois MacQuiddy, Reimers Koepke, Louise Hudson, Sally Tyler, Betty Munson, Clementine Nunes, Helen Nielsen, Vera Craemer, Emma Crenshaw, Helen Jackson, Eileen Sutherland, Dorita Raymond, Bonita Raymond, Jean Hockabout, Dorothy Fillius, Emma Schroeder, Edna Peterson, Alzora Pavey, Ralph Peterson, Carl Dobler, Arthur Rodgers, Stephen Wyckoff, Hubert Dong, Madeline Menezes.

Organizations

THE Scholarship Society shows marked signs of activity. At the present time there are thirty members. In February, 1926, a dinner was held at Buckhart's for the members of the Watsonville chapter. A committee has been appointed to provide for further activities. Eight representatives attended for the first time the Scholarship Convention at Stockton on April 17, and profited from the experience.

The Music Club held its initial meeting on March 11, 1926. The purpose of the organization is to create in the students a taste for good music. The attendance of everyone interested in music is invited. Muriel Rood played a violin solo at the first meeting. A program, usually consisting of solos, is prepared for each regular meeting on the fourth Thursday of the school month.

An Art Club has been formed to stimulate interest in art. Speeches are given concerning different types of art. The first meeting was held in November.

The English Club meets once each month. The programs are now in the hands of the English classes; this method of provision for programs is new; and so far has proved entirely satisfactory. The intra-school tryouts for the Shakespearean Contest were held under the auspices of the English Club on February 18. As a result Vera Craemer and Francis Silliman were chosen to represent the school at the 7th Annual Shakespearean Contest in Berkeley. Francis Silliman lost in the preliminaries, but Vera Craemer gained a place in the finals of the C group. She lost in the finals.

The French Club is very strongly established. Many students who are interested in French attend the meetings, which are held every third Thursday of the school month. The programs are given by the classes: short French plays are presented by class members. Miss Crawford and Mr. Barnhouse have both talked of travels and customs in France. Moving pictures of Strasbourg and Nice were shown.

In order to encourage the speaking of Spanish the second year Spanish class has organized a club which is called "Quien Sabe?"—"Who Knows?" Meetings are held every two weeks on Monday, and programs are planned by the students. An effort is made to converse entirely in Spanish.

With a view to promoting good citizenship, the citizenship classes have formed a club, which has approximately 140 members. Anyone interested in citizenship may attend. At each monthly club meeting, a speaker is invited to speak on current topics or government.

The Ag Club has proved itself progressive this year. The Freshman Initiation was held in September, and was a very lively event. Three Ag luncheons were held in the Ag shop during the months of October and November. The big event of the year was the Father and Son Banquet, which was held in January. Judging teams were sent to the County Fair in Watsonville, the State Fair in Sacramento, and to Berkeley for fruit judging.

The Cooking Club has been organized and has as its members anyone who has taken or is taking cooking. The cooking Club assisted the Ag Club in giving the Father and Son Banquet. The sum of twelve dollars was collected from the student body by the Cooking Club, who bought ingredients and made enough candy to fill 150 bags. The candy and valentines were sent with greetings to the Veterans' hospital at Palo Alto.

Almanac

Aug. 17—Back to the educational institution! Frosh dash about in search of assembly hall.

Aug. 18—Students sporting new headgear! Rooters' caps on sale.

Aug. 19—Pres. Spencer procures copy of "Robert's Rules of Order."

Aug. 21—Assembly—no casualties! Frosh cordially greeted. No barbarism apparent as yet.

Aug. 25—Sniffle, sniffle! We can't even wear our Rooters' caps to school any more. It isn't wise.

Aug. 26—Rev. Donald Barnhouse enlightens us on the subject of finals. "How they do it in France." We're glad we don't live in France.

Aug. 28—Hurrah for California! Judge Cutler tells the children about their native state. A good time was enjoyed by all!

Sept. 2—Assembly. Evening parties die a tragic death. Please omit flowers!

Sept. 3—Frosh-Soph Competition. Sophs beat the Pinheads.

Sept. 18—Big rally! Music'neverything!

Sept. 19—Watsonville turns the sod with Monterey. Nobody made nothing!

Sept. 30—Orchestra favors with selections. Intellectuals receive pins.

Sept. 30—Daredevil atom performs on the silver screen for Chemistry students!

Oct. 7—Mr. Dyche amuses students with a demonstration of Attie, the Atom, in motion.

Oct. 10—San Jose and Wildcats conflict! 13-0. Well, you know how it is!

Oct. 15—Noon dance.

Oct. 16—Another big rally! Lovely floral effects obtained.

Oct. 17—Watsonville Wildcats break up the piecrust with Salinas. 36-0. Oh, well!

Oct. 23—Traffic blocked by serpentining boys!

Oct. 31—Oh joy, oh bliss, oh rapture! We squelched the Surfites, 7-6. Go smoke a turnip, Santa Cruz!

Nov. 16—Miss Ward absent. Jawn decides to lead orchestra.

Nov. 24—Football feed (uggle uggle). Mr. Dyche appears in glasses. Why? The better to see you, my dear Joe!

Nov. 30—Better Speech Week is here.

Dec. 2—Mrs. Gifford thspeakth on impediments of thspeech. Also Shakespearean orators (F. Silliman and M. Fay) introduced.

Dec. 3—Sweet little skit by Oral English Class. Teachers tell things in their own words.

Dec. 4—Shakespearan orators again appear in a charming portrayal of "The Hanging Gardens of New York."

Dec. 10—Operetta.

Dec. 11—Students forced to leave school for three weeks.

Dec. 19—Cameraman Cox spots Miss Struve and Mr. Thorstenson in the show.

Jan. 4—Back to the greasy grind.

Jan. 12—New form of entertainment for students! Long periods, etc.! Finals with us once more.

Jan. 15—Hollister vs. Wildcats. Sure, we won!

Jan. 18—Population increased! Fifty new Frosh arrive!

Jan. 19—Girls appear in uniforms. Quite stunning! Yowse, Yowse!

Jan. 22—Rally! And I larfed and larfed because I knew we never had no net!

Jan. 22—Basketball tossing contest with Salinas. Well, I hope to tell you we did win!

Jan. 29—Big rally! Harmony Five! Beautiful scenery.

Jan. 29—Santa Cruz beats us! 13-12.

Feb. 18—Shakespearean Contest! Friends, Romans, Countrymen, etc. etc.

Mar. 26—Cross-country run! K. Blohm astounds the public.

April 2—Assembly. Arguments wax high, as the poets say. Discussion of Amendment.

April 9—Girl athletes receive letters amid hearty applause.

April 9—Unusual number of absences owing to Chemistry ex!

April 14—Professor Voorhies informs attentive audience that there is nothing rotten in Denmark!

April 15—Dr. Stolz delivers a little heart-to-heart talk! Students dash madly around to increase their heart power.

April 17—Pacific Grove realizes how we feel and forfeits baseball game. Awfully considerate of Pacific Grove! Do it again sometime!

April 22—School out for the circus! Hurray for the circus!

April 30—Play "Not So Long Ago," or "Why I Gave Up Boxing," starring the child wonder.

May 1—The little fish decide to leave.

June 8—Finals! Special ambulance service for those not recovering!

June 11—Graduation. Seniors exeunt. Bye! See you next August.

Be A Booster

I

If you think the Black and Gold is best,
Tell 'em so!
If you'll have it lead the rest,
Make it so!
When there's anything to do,
Let the others count on you;
You'll feel "good" when it is through,
Don't you know?

II

If you're used to giving knocks,
Change your style!
Throw bouquets instead of rocks,
For a while.
Let the other high schools roast,
Shun them as you would a ghost;
Meet their banter with a boast
And a smile.

III

When a student from afar
Comes along,
Tell him who and what you are—
Make it strong.
Never flatter, never bluff;
Tell the truth, for that's enough.
Be a booster—that's the stuff—
You belong.

—ISABELLE C. TREVETHAN.

DRAMA-MUSIC

Dramatics--Music

OPERETTA — "THE WISHING WELL"

PLAY—"NOT SO LONG AGO"

Activities

ASSEMBLIES

THE assemblies this term have been a series of pleasant gatherings. Singing has been continued in the assemblies with a great increase of enthusiasm. They also have been interesting on account of the good conduct of the students and their fiery, humorous, and confiding speeches. On various occasions, speakers addressed the students. On August 26th, Mr. Donald Barnhouse spoke of his travels through Europe, and contrasted the education in European countries with that of America. October 27, Mr. Poteet described the navy and its works. In November, Miss Mary Stewart spoke of her travels in Turkey. On January 22, Mr. T. R. Keyes informed the students of "What great men have said about the Bible." Dr. Watters spoke to the students on February 12 concerning the question of a new gymnasium. On February 22, Miss Bills strove to prove to the students the necessity for "Keeping Fit." On March 5th, Mr. Ireland delighted the students with a number of religious songs. On April 14th, President Vorhies spoke on his travels in Denmark, and the following day Dr. H. R. Stolz talked about "Athletic Rallies."

Beginning with the basketball season the yell leaders arranged very elaborate scenes for the rallies which were held before each game. The students appreciated the rallies and pleased the yell leaders with their good conduct and school spirit. The rallies indeed lent a helping hand to the various victories won this year.

DANCING

When all parties and evening socials were abandoned last term, the students were given a social hour every Thursday at noon hour. The time was pleasurably spent in dancing. A number of students having musical ability provided the music which was well adapted to its purpose. The students enjoyed the social hour a great deal and behaved well.

THE OPERETTA

On December 11 and 12 the music department presented "The Wishing Well." A great deal of credit is given to Miss Ward for making a success of the first operetta ever presented in the Watsonville High School The setting of the scene was laid in Ireland in an old-fashioned garden, made charming with natural flowers and shrubbery. The orchestra also deserve credit for playing the difficult Irish pieces exceptionally well. The cast was well selected and each one played his own part to perfection. Those on the cast were:

Mr. Terence O'Grady	Eldon Covell
Lady Mary Donnell	Maurine Obermeyer
Norreen (Lady Mary's Niece)	Lois MacQuiddy
Kathleen O'Mara	Mary Machado
Dany	Walter Hill
Darby Duffy	Carlton Love
Nora (Darby's Wife)	Clementine Nunes
Squire Bosby	Milton Burdick
Mr. Murphy	Lawrence Eagleson
Molly O'Toole	Onalee Faucett
Maurine McGibney	Alida Nielsen

A chorus of forty students served to make the operetta a success.

THE PLAY

On April 30 the Oral English Class presented a large audience with a pleasant surprise—an old-fashioned play. The play, "Not So Long Ago," a comedy in three acts, prologue and epilogue, was a credit to Miss Aitken's careful training and perseverance. The responsibility of ticket selling, advertising and stage managing was left entirely to the students of the class, who shouldered it with enthusiasm. In addition, the service rendered by Milton Burdick, a member of last year's Oral English Class, is deserving of notice. The cast did justice to their roles and presented one more instance of the Oral English Class's unusual ability to perform.

The cast included:

Billie Ballard	Melvin Fay
Elsie Dover	Alice May Atkinson
Mr. Dover	Alden Cox
Sam Robinson	Arthur Keefe
Ursula Ballard	Ruth Wilson
Mrs. Ballard	Alta Bachar
Rupert Hancock	Francis Silliman
Rosamond Gill	Charlotte Joy
Mary Nealy	Hattie Dong
Sylvia Gray	Mildred Marsh
Joan Brown	Clementine Nunes
Maid	Margaret Handshy

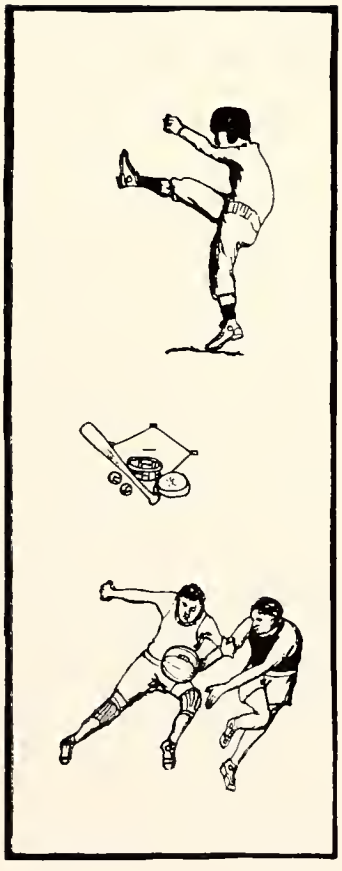
THE ORCHESTRA

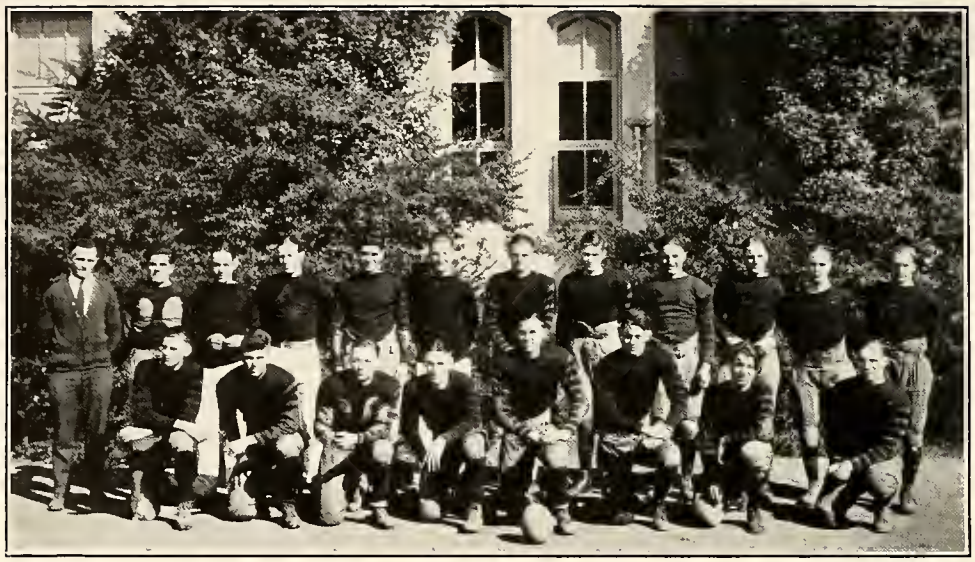
Although the orchestra has only slightly increased in numbers this year, from eleven to fifteen, the musical talent has, nevertheless, improved noticeably, thanks to Miss Ward's able leadership. At present the orchestra can boast of six violins; one piano, viola, flute and clarinet; two cornets; and two saxophones. The orchestra has played well-selected music for the operetta, "The Wishing Well" and for the school play, "Not So Long Ago." It has also provided music for special programs in assembly, on two occasions at the Woman's Club, and on May 6th at the High School during an educational meeting under Masonic leadership.

BETTER SPEECH WEEK

From November 30 to December 4, the student body observed for the second time a Better Speech Week. The programme was in the hands of the Oral English class. Much rivalry existed among the classes, each striving to keep the number of speech errors at a minimum. Three special assemblages were held. On Wednesday, December 2, Mr. MacQuiddy presented the subject and introduced Mrs. Mabel Gifford who spoke on "Speech Defects." Melvin Fay and Francis Silliman gave the quarrel scene from Julius Caesar. On Thursday, members of the Oral English class presented an original playlet; a speech contest showed the difference in skill between the Heavyweights and the Lightweights of the football and basketball teams; and various teachers distinguished themselves in literary interpretation. Friday concluded the campaign by offering an old-fashioned spelling contest, a second speech play, and a debate on the advantages and disadvantages of slang. Mr. Handshy led the student body in declaring its resolution to raise the standard of American speech.

ATHLETICS





FOOTBALL — HEAVYWEIGHTS

W. Gregerson, Captain; Arias, Wilkinson, Bradley, Trafton, R. Baker, Spencer, Crosetti, Silliman, Perkins, Russill, Thwaits, Spain, R. Richardson, E. Ashcraft, Cox, McGowan, P. Baker, Hoyt.

FOOTBALL — LIGHTWEIGHTS

E. Gregerson, Captain; Novacovich, Lister, Lowry, Scurich, Ferguson, Blohm, Biddle, Wagner, Beazell, Johnson, Strong, Jamison, Sine, Bye, Henizer, Oksen and Wyckoff.

Boys' Athletics

WHEN L. M. Briggs started as coach for Watsonville High, a tradition also came into being, a tradition which decreed that an athletic team from W. U. H. S. should win each year at least one championship in the C. C. A. L. This year proved to be no exception. The athletes of the Black and Gold took the A Section Basketball title for the fourth time in four years.

FOOTBALL

Fate decreed that inexperienced material should compose the 1925 eleven. Consequently, heavy defeats were sustained on all sides. Handicapped by a small squad, Coach Briggs was forced to proceed cautiously as injuries kept the number of available men at a minimum. However, in the last game of the season, with our rival of old, the Wildcat gridders smashed down Coach Bradshaw's Cardinals for a hard earned victory.

The lightweights, a new institution in the C. C. A. L., were forced to play against teams that outweighed them in every game. Although they played with a fighting spirit they were forced to defeat in every game.

The heavyweight results were:

W. U. H. S.	19;	Pacific Grove	20
S. U. H. S.	36;	W. U. H. S.	0
S. B. U. H. S.	22;	W. U. H. S.	0
S. C. U. H. S.	6;	W. U. H. S.	7

BASKETBALL

Basketball is "*the*" game at Watsonville High. This year proved to be one of the greatest of all for this sport. The teams in the league were all good and evenly matched. The games were all hard fought and very close. The start of the season came during the Christmas vacation; since the team did not get much practice the outlook was somewhat gloomy at first. In the subsequent games the boys did some real work.

The league started with Watsonville playing Hollister. Hollister was forced to forfeit the games because of the necessity of using ineligible men; they at least tried to help the other school by way of practice.

The second set of games placed us against Salinas. We emerged joyous as the scores indicate:

W. U. H. S. Heavies	26;	Salinas Heavies	9
W. U. H. S. Limiteds	12;	Salinas Limiteds	8

Next came our enemies of old on their home court. We weren't so good in the salt air; hence the results below look disastrous:

W. U. H. S. Heavies	5;	Santa Cruz Heavies	10
W. U. H. S. Limiteds	5;	Santa Cruz Limiteds	12
W. U. H. S. Midgets	1;	Santa Cruz Midgets	2

We were now about to start on our second half of the schedule. The boys decided to "imbibe" some real spirit.

Hollister played us a couple of forfeited games, but since we didn't trust the forfeit idea we proceeded to tramp all over them.

W. U. H. S.	25;	Hollister Heavies	11
W. U. H. S.	8;	Hollister Limiteds	3

Now came our return games with Salinas. We left here in a downpour of rain and were forced to play under storm conditions, with the lights going out occasionally. We were just as good in the dark, however, and our fans returned wet but triumphant. Reason? Look at the scores:

BASKETBALL — HEAVYWEIGHTS

R. Baker, Captain; P. Baker, Spencer, E. Ashcraft, W. Gregerson. Substitutes: Hoyt, McGowan, Lasich, Crosetti, Weedon, A. Richardson.

BASKETBALL — LIGHTWEIGHTS

E. Gregerson, Captain; Hyde, Lister, Hardy, Hockabout. Substitutes: Shirachi, Strong, Russil, Dong, R. Ashcraft, Henizer, Ogi.

W. U. H. S. Heavies	20;	Salinas Heavies	11
W. U. H. S. Limiteds	9;	Salinas Limiteds	3
W. U. H. S. Midgets	11	Salinas Midgets	4

Next came our "big game," Santa Cruz versus W. U. H. S. on our home court. Santa Cruz had already defeated us decisively but we were ready for revenge. This was an important game since we were tied with Santa Cruz for the section title. The biggest crowd in years packed the auditorium. The midgets took the floor and after a struggle were defeated. Then Santa Cruz finally "put one over" on our limited and emerged victorious. Now all was ready for the big event. The Wildcats took the floor and in a few minutes they also took the lead. The cardinals had ideas of their own and they came up. Finally the game ended. We won—by one point. Oh, boy, say we didn't celebrate! Fourth consecutive year and a brand new cup! Oh, yes, the scores!

W. U. H. S. Heavies	18;	Santa Cruz Heavies	17
W. U. H. S. Limiteds	4;	Santa Cruz Limiteds	6
W. U. H. S. Midgets	4;	Santa Cruz Midgets	8

Slow music! A sad, sad tale! We played Pacific Grove at Santa Cruz for the C. C. A. L. championship. It was a "nip and tuck" game. We got the nip and they got the tuck. The scores juggled back and forth and at last we were ahead after overcoming a lead of seven points. Forty seconds to play and we were one point ahead! The fans were already starting to celebrate. A lanky P. G. player tossed the ball down the court and fate sent it into the basket. So ended our hopes and our season.

W. U. H. S.	19;	Pacific Grove	20

BASEBALL

The prospects for baseball looked very good. The season was rather late in starting, but we had some very good players in line. The start was disappointing. The Monterey game was postponed and the Pacific Grove forfeited. Finally we prepared to tackle Salinas and we did a good job of tackling. Salinas got the worst end of the 3 to 1 score. Hollister reversed the work next week and we went down, 5 to 4. We still have to play our biggest game with Santa Cruz and that with Monterey. We expect to make a good showing in these two contests and thus end our season with a bang.

TRACK

Watsonville Hi has never taken up track to any extent as we have absolutely no facilities for this work. The work done this year was mainly toward developing material and interest for next year when we hope to have, at least, a track. We had one meet with the alumni, getting the rather small end of the score, and now we are centering our hopes upon a few points in the C. C. A. L. meet to be held at Santa Cruz, May 8th.

Cross-Country was started here this year, the run being held over a three mile course. The first five to finish were: Blohm, Hoyt, Silliman, M. Burdick, A. Richardson. The Seniors were victors, scoring 55 points to the Juniors' 42.

TENNIS

Watsonville entered a team in the C. C. A. L. championship matches and did much better than expected, as both our doubles and singles teams entered the finals. They were defeated by Santa Cruz, who thus secured the championship. The team was: Marcum, first singles; A. Rodgers, second singles; Rodgers and Dong, first doubles; Marcum and Weedon, second doubles.

BASEBALL TEAM

SQUAD: *Todd, Ucovich, Lister, Wada, Rowan, Batchelder, Ogi, B. Matsuda, Skillicorn, Shirachi, Weedon, Lucich, Scrivani, Lasich, Crosetti, Polifka, and Marcum.*

TRACK TEAM

SQUAD: *A. Zobel, K. Blohm, P. Baker, A. Richardson, R. Baker, J. Crosetti, F. Silliman, M. Burdick, Coehlo, Cowles, H. Burdick, Hoyt, and Polifka.*

GIRLS' ALL-STAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Athletics

AT THE beginning of the school year the keynote of girls' physical education was "Health," a note which had been first sounded by the physical training instructor, Miss Quay. With the return of Mrs. Briggs, former instructor, the element of organized play has been revived.

Those girls who took part in athletics were divided into two classes, called the Blacks and the Golds. The two competed against each other in speed-ball, hockey, baseball, basketball, captain ball, volley ball, and tennis. The points of the winners were counted toward the group. This system has proved more successful that that of having the teams play after school, since the latter plan was an inconvenience for those girls who had to leave on the bus. It has also encouraged more girls to take part in athletics.

For the girls who were underweight or those who were unable to participate in the more strenuous games, Mrs. Briggs arranged miscellaneous minor games; such as horse-shoe, bowling, shooting baskets for goal and baseball throw for strike.

Owing to the fact that inter-school games have been abandoned, a Play Day has been arranged, thus giving every girl a chance to play. Games similar to those played on the school grounds throughout the year are played at the Play Day. The last one, under the supervision of Miss Quay, was held at Santa Cruz.

An All-Star Basketball team was chosen. Practice games were held preliminary to the choosing of the team. The girls who took part in the practices were voted upon. The following girls were chosen:

Forwards—Ruby Beilby, Pauline Barbagalate; center—Mildred Webb; side center—Doris Wooley; guards—Margaret Hay, Catherine Bronson.

Instead of giving the Block "W" to this team, a black star with a yellow background was presented to each member.

Alumni

Clinton Allison	American Fish Co., Oakland
Harry Ashcraft	Mellander & Cutler's Service Station
Blanche Beilby	Sacramento
Maurine Blohm	W. U. H. S. Office
Dorothy Bosley	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Frances Bowker	Stanford University
William Bowker	University of California
Milo Brown	Junior College, Hollister
Austin Bryant	Junior College, Hollister
Stephen Carey	Junior College, Hollister
Ann Cikuth	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Richard Craemer	University Farm, Davis
Irvin Dethlefson	Heald's Business College, San Francisco
Bertha Dick	Office of the California Spray-Chemical Co.
Ella Dong	University of California
Arthur Eaton	Stanford University
Perry Hill	University Farm, Davis
Louise Fillius	Pacific Grove
Martin Franich	Stanford University
Myrtle Gregerson	Aromas
Alice Hall	State Teachers' College, San Francisco
Earle Hansen	Watsonville
Lulu Hart	Junior College, Hollister
Violet Holgerson	Junior College, San Jose
Fred Holm	University Farm, Davis
Dale Huntsman	California Spray-Chemical Co.
Irene Lewis	Office of H. J. Heinz
Eva Marie Lowe	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Oscar Maher	C. C. Morse Seed Co., San Juan
Alma Manning	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Alwyne Miguel	Pajaro Valley National Bank
Lloyd Mitchell	Farming, Watsonville
Arthur Mork	Fruit Growers' National Bank
Alton Murray	Junior College, Hollister
John Novacovich	Watsonville
Melba Peroja	Office of California Spray-Chemical Co.
Stanley Ramer	Post-Graduate, W. U. H. S.
Katherine Rodgers	Mills College
Jess Stillwill	Watsonville
Irene Strazich	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Sylvia Stuart	State Teachers' College, Flagstaff, Arizona
Chester Turney	Watsonville
Mae Walker	State Teachers' College, San Jose
Arthur Webb	University Farm, Davis
Vida Wilson	Jehl's Office, Watsonville
Avery Wood	Shell Oil Co., Watsonville

FEET-FEET-FEET
Helen!
"As she used to was"
One-
Two-
Three!
Holder Steady
Completely "Snizzeled"
Bobs
Fake Twins
Which is Which
ETNA-BELLES!
Sheik
JO
MILTON
Bar Maid
Cavant!
ON TOP AT!
"La sonrisa Bonita"
WOW!
Mels Belles
Unsuspecting
MISS HARRIS
WHAT A MAP!
Quite a Crowd!
Pretty Good
ODELLE
W.U.H.S. Presents "The Wishing Well"
Buncha Bums
Thinking?
(haw, mooning)
Café Force
ARTIE
MAXINE
MARGARET
HAY
KERMIT
SHEIK

On your mark—
Who's got it?
I have!
Fresh-Soph
Camels vs. White Owls
Glen's Gang
Aw, now—
Camels-White Owls
Wilkie's
Ken's Hat
Athletic Manager
Cross Country Start
Cross Country Winner
WHM
"Lardo"
Roll Call—7th Period
Justin K. Dyche—Wind Current and Kite Expert
Snapped
Sat Upon
Try and Start It!
"Pee Wee"
Nut Sed
Midgets
Coach Jr.

Jokes

Can you imagine?

Melvin Fay awake in class.

Milton Burdick failing to speak before assembly.

Phil Baker washing dishes for Ruby.

"Dizzy" Silliman hating girls.

Clinton Zobel, a sheik.

Catherine West in long skirts.

Alden Cox disagreeable.

Elwyn Lundy not busy.

Alta Holm flirting.

Evelyn Twyman hating the boys.

Kenneth Hardy not a "ladies" man.

Peter Stolich (Longo) in rompers.

George Hopkins taking his girl to the Oral English play.

Miss Flaugher in love.

Carrie Mork turning hand springs on the front lawn.

Miss Harris chewing Wrigley Spearmint.

Mr. Munson doing a fairy dance in assembly.

Mr. MacQuiddy doing the Charleston.

Miss Waite teaching "Ag."

Mr. Dyche a ravishing brunette.

Miss Lord: "Can you decline 'to eat'?"

"Dizzy": "I can, but I don't like to."

Voice on the wire: "Hello, will you go with me to the show, tonight?"

F. F. '26: "Yes, yes, who is it?"

Mr. MacQuiddy: "What do you expect to be when you get out of High School?"

A. K. '26: "A grandfather."

Mr. Schell: "George, what tax do you find to be the hardest?"

G. B. '26: "Thumb tacks."

R. K. '26: "I wonder how old Miss Paulding is?"

I. L. '26: "Quite old, I guess. She used to teach Caesar."

Miss Harris: "What happened after Washington died?"

A. K. '26: "He was buried."

M. F. '28 (proposing to Mildred): "Will you be mine for ever and ever?"

M. M. '26 (hesitatingly): "Yours till the kitchen sinks"

V. C. '26: "I admire Wilson."

A. K. '26: "I Admire Washington."

V. C. '26: "Why so?"

A. K. '26: "He was born on a holiday."

Mr. Dyche: "How would you find out if it were safe to go into a mine filled with carbon dioxide?"

A. R. '27: "Send some one else down first."

H. B. '27: "Have you graded my English paper yet?"

Miss Aitken: "Why, no."

H. B. '27: "Well, when you get to mine, it's not justice I want; it's mercy!"

Mr. Schell: "I believe you missed my class yesterday, Jack."

J. F. '28: "Why, no, I didn't, not in the least!"

(G. K. and A. C. quarreling in Physics):

Kirby: "You're the biggest fool in this room."

Mr. Handshy: "Boys! Boys! don't forget that I am here."

Miss Ward: "Joe, I want you to lead the orchestra today."

Joe C. '27: "Yeh, where'll I lead them?"

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Voice in the back of the room: "No! If it did, you wouldn't waste your dime by throwing it in."

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are sold by

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of J. A. SCHANBACHER

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—See Our—

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and

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--- OF ---

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Equipment and Apparel for all Sports,
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Fishing Tackle Camping Requisites

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"Everything to Help Your Game"

S. K. '26: "My father made a perpetual motion machine, but the thing wore out."

Mr. Dyche to some boys who had driven a dog into the recitation room: "Will you take that animal out? We shall get along with our usual number today."

EDW. P. PFINGST CHAS. E. McSHERRY

Pfingst & McSherry

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Heavy Hauling and Moving Pianos
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There was a young athlete named Ed.
Who at 10:30 was always in bed.
But there was a reason
'Twas basketball season,
Now watch the young man named Ed.

Baseball
Tennis

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GET YOURS FROM

MACFARLANE & CO.

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Track

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HALL & DONDERO

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Insurance—Real Estate

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The Square —A Square Deal— The Square

HOMER T. HAYWARD LUMBER CO.

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Atascadero Salinas Paso Robles

The Senior stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The train got off the railroad track,
To let the Senior past.

A Sophomore stood in the pathway,
A Junior chanced along;
After the dust had cleared away,
The Junior just went on.

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State Inspected Meats Only

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FREE DELIVERY

"Spring and Summer Millinery"
Best in Quality and Style
Least in Prices
Carrie H. Clausen
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Style and Quality for the Occasion
The Wonder Line of $5.85 Shoes
FASHION BOOT SHOP

Mr. Handshy, in Physics: "What's a vacuum?"

E. A. '26: "I can't recall just now, but it's in my head."

Floral Messages, Congratulations, Sympathy, as expressed with flowers are always appreciated.
441 MAIN ST. A. T. Hyde Co FLOWERS-NURSERYMEN PHONE 133
Correct Floral Decorations for Every Occasion
Pot Plants — Cut Flowers — Floral Tributes

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Trade at this Store and get a Camera Free
Friendly Service
Louis Masterson Melvin McRae
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Phone 53 428 Main St.

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--- With ---

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9 THIRD STREET Watsonville, Calif.

Compliments of

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Wholesale Grocers

F. S. '26 (in the 4th period lab.): "Yep, I had a grand uncle who was a famous chemist."

A. K. 26: "Huh! I guess that's where idiotic acid got its name."

Office and Yard 145-153 West Lake Ave. Telephone 348

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SERVICE, as Alexander's understand it, is to find for each customer the right merchandise, help them to select to best advantage, economically, make their shopping here a happy and profitable experience and deliver their purchases safely to their homes — in short, a service that is "Honest, Prompt, Courteous and Complete."

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SUCCEEDED BY SAMUEL LEASK

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E. A. '26: "I don't know. I never had one there."

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Strictly Modern Fire-proof Building

Modern Rooms ~~ Moderate Prices ~~ Home-Like Place

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After School Days
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Wrist Watches
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— See —

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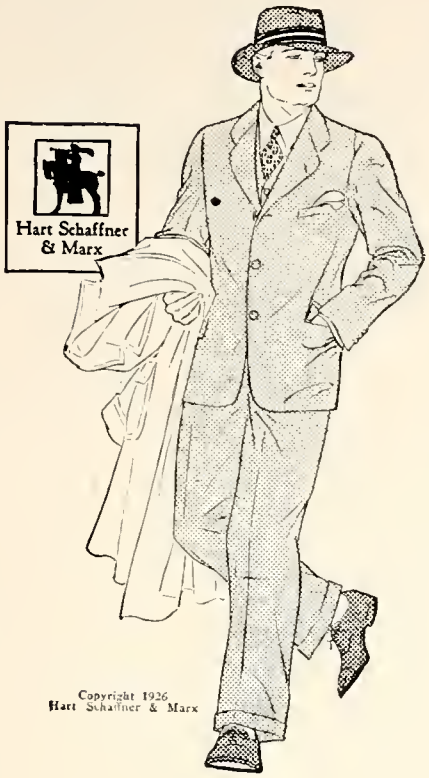

The University Three Button Model

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Clothes for the College and High School Student

---made by Specialists, fitted by Specialists---and worn by men who specialize in good clothes and know how to wear them. -:-

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"The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes."

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Satisfied Customers Our Success

Get In The Swim!

JOIN THE

"Y"

Music Student: "Do you know that Miss Ward is engaged?"
Frosh: "Really? Honest? Are you sure?"
Music Student: "Why sure—she's engaged by the School Board."

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Sets ranging from $85 to $200.

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WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA

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The BRUNSWICK laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation of America have developed a scientific combination which embodies the best that men know in music and radio. The BRUNSWICK RADIOLA is not simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph but a perfect tested and proved combination—an instrument to give satisfaction throughout the years to come.

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With the 25 year point

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Electric Cooking Is Economical.
We Have Special Cooking Rate.

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E. Connell: "What's that?"

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Billicich: "I'm a little stiff from hockey."

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FURNISHINGS

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$5—For the Young Chap—**$5**

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For Class of '26, W. U. H. S.

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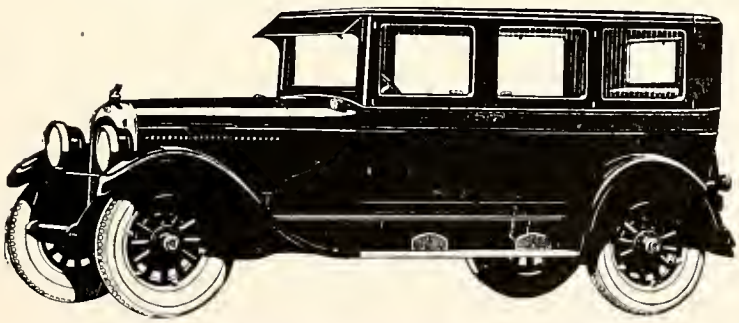
Direction of West Coast Theatres, Inc., of Northern California

Hardy: "Last night I had a fall which rendered me unconscious for nine hours."

Maxine: "Kenneth! Where'd you fall?"

Hardy: "I fell asleep."

CHRYSLER



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NOTARY

Room 414 Lettunich Building — Phone 200

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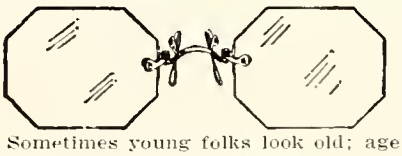

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Jokes

Miss Lord (drilling the Juniors in Minimum Essentials): "What's wrong in this sentence: 'He sings good'?"

Several Juniors: "It should be, 'He sings well'."

Miss Lord: "That's right. Why? (no answer) "Now think. What's the construction of the word?" (more silence). "Clifford, what part of speech is 'good'?"

Clifford A.: "I don't know."

Miss Lord: "Well, take the phrase, 'A good apple.' What's good there?"

Clifford (with a faint rising inflection): "The apple?"

Miss Hayward: "Eugene, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

E. G. '28: "Three."

Miss Hayward: "Name them."

E. G. '28: "Why, there are tame flowers, wild flowers and cauliflowers."

G. B. '26: "Will you be in this evening, Elizabeth?"

E. A. '29: "No! I'll be out—out on my porch."

G. B. '26: "Miss Aitken, do you believe in punishment?"

Miss Aitken: "Sometimes."

G. B. '26: "Do you believe that a person should be punished for something he has not done?"

Miss Aitken: "Why, no."

G. B. '26: "All right, I have not done my English III."

Teacher: "Now, Charles, don't you think you're getting too big to play with girls?"

C. S. '26: "The bigger I get the more I like them."

Miss Waite: "See that picture? It's hand-painted."

Freshie (who lives in the country): "Well, what of it? So's our chicken house."

Mr. Handshy: "Tomorrow we will have a Physics examination."

Kirby: "Will 'heat' be in it?"

Mr. Handshy (absently): "Yes, I expect it will be pretty hot."

Gertrude: "Romance is so sweet."

Oscar: "Oh! you said it."

Popular Hits

Wanted a Pal by the Name of Mary ..... Reimers Koepke
My Sweet Louise ..... Tom Broxholm
I'm in Love ..... Griffith Kirby
Freckles ..... Kenneth Todd
Beautiful Girl ..... Ruth Wilson
When My Blonde Makes Up Her Mind ..... Mel Forester
Laugh and the World Laughs With You ..... Mildred Webb
Ukelele Lady ..... Mildred Silliman
Yearning (Just for You, Steve) ..... Elizabeth Allen
Sally in Our Alley ..... Everett Luther
Bridal Chorus, "Here Comes the Bride" ..... Verla Girdner

Famous Books by Famous Nuts

Sack Making in San Quentin ..... By Jack Ferguson
Beauty Hints ..... By Jerry Driscoll
Why I Love Girls ..... By Huber Earles

Autographs

Doris Hutchings

Evelyn Hardy '27

Amy Austin "29."

Mary G. Ditto

Mary Irene Basich '29
Jean Hitchings '29
Ida Knutsen '29

Betty Munson '29
Lois Mae Dunidy '29

Pauline Barbagelata '28

Nellie Bronich '28

Autographs

Black and Gold

PRAISE to thee, old Black and Gold,
Still we'll be your pride,
When out upon the changing seas,
The ship of life we guide.
Opportunities will call
When each must do his part,
And home and country will be first
In every loyal heart.

Noble halls of stately beauty
Fill us all with pride,
A fitting home for high ambitions
Such as here abide.
Kindness, loyalty, and honor,
Fearlessness, and truth
Are high ideals you hold before us,
Guideposts of our youth.

When life's sterner tasks have called us
From this pleasant clime,
We backward glance toward your portals,
Through the mists of time.
Dearest of all Alma Maters,
With devotion true,
Then all your loyal sons and daughters,
Tribute pay to you.

Four long years you shelter us,
And then there comes a day
When we must leave you far behind
And seek our own Life's way.
Other joyous times may come,
But still we'll always hold
Within our hearts, the memory
Of the days of Black and Gold.

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